

THE PROGRESSIVE FARMER.

THE INDUSTRIAL AND EDUCATIONAL INTERESTS OF OUR PEOPLE PARAMOUNT TO ALL OTHER CONSIDERATIONS OF STATE POLICY.

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PAPERS.

Progressive Farmer, Raleigh, N. C.
The Workingman's Helper, Pinnacle, N. C.
Watchman, Salisbury, N. C.
Farmers' Advocate, Tarboro, N. C.
Country Life, Trinity College, N. C.
Mercury, Hickory, N. C.
Sattler, Whiteakers, N. C.
Agricultural Bee, Goldsboro, N. C.
Alliance Echo, Monroeville, N. C.
Special Informer, Raleigh, N. C.

Each of the above-named papers are requested to keep the list standing on the first page and add others, provided they are duly elected. Any paper failing to advocate the Ocala platform will be dropped from the list promptly. Our people can now see what papers are published in their interest.

SALLY CARSON;

Cr. a Baby on a Leaf of History.

The following narrative of an historical nature may be interesting to some of the patriotic people of Raleigh, it having had its origin in the dear old Capitol sixty-two years ago; the chief actors being two of nature's noblest loved and honored in the Old North State, viz: Samuel P. Carson and William W. Stedman. These names have pretty high faded from the face of the earth, but they stand on the pages of history and linger in the memory of a few who still walk the shores of time. (See Wheeler's History of North Carolina.)

The "baby" is the writer's mother, and it is to her and my grandmother that I am indebted for the narrative. My grandfather, Wm. Winship Stedman, was a great admirer of Mr. Carson, and I know of nothing that contradicts the statement that the admiration was mutual. The depth of the admiration can be judged by what transpired. The former placed himself under obligation to the latter to name a certain member of his family for him—should fortune favor a boy. This was before the day of prohibition law, when the glass and the "toast" were considered a gentleman by requisites for compliments received. Which was the amount of the obligation of the obligation until October, 1831. Legislature was in session and Mr. Carson and Mr. S. were both at Raleigh. The latter received a letter, or a message, I do not remember which—one was about as fleet as the other—both travelling in the saddle, but it carried the information that the baby was a girl.

I suspect this was a blow to the fond hopes of the heroic sire, for girl babies were not considered legacies in those days. Mr. Carson despaired, no doubt, to "make the best of it," for his friend said: "Call her Sally Carson." Perhaps his mother was named Sally and Sally Carson it was and is. But she says to this day that she don't see why a girl can't be Sammy as well as Sally. She always seemed to think that she was cheated out of her name proper. But if this, she was not cheated out of

her inheritance. For the name she bears her babyship received a set of solid table silver, which has served two generations, and is going the rounds of the third. As her children grew to the estate of manhood and womanhood and left her one by one, she gave to each a piece of this old silver as an heirloom, or a talisman, as it were. This writer's share was a pair of sugar tongs, which impart to me from time to time as I brush the canker of age from their surface, the story I have told, and I enter into the precious old time of these Democratic sons of the Old North State, and as I look up at the painting on my best mantel shelf I can fancy the melancholy cloud that shadowed the handsome brow of my grandfather's early manhood when he received that letter at Raleigh and read in it that the baby was a girl.

But I will tell you what my grandmother said about it. Out of six children this child was more pleasure to her than all the others. To my own knowledge she was the only one who stood by her deathbed side, and soothed the dying pillow. There were two other girls, but they had preceded her to the grave. William Winship, Jr., was also dead—the eldest of the six. James Cooper, then cashier of the People's National Bank, Fayetteville, N. C. Sally Carson and Andrew Jackson—named for "Old Hickory"—survived her. But the latter died a few years ago. A. J. Stedman is a familiar name to many now living in North Carolina and Virginia. He is possibly best remembered as editor of *Stedman's Magazine*, Salem, N. C. He was also Colonel in the Confederate Army. Of his family I know nothing, except that his wife's name was "Susie."

This information is gained from a beautiful hand-writing on the back of one of his magazines sent to my grandmother a great while ago from her "loving daughter, Susie Stedman." On another page is a poem, "Mary Walton," on the death of a child, presumably named for her whose maiden name was Walton.

William Winship, Jr., was a practicing physician in Chatham county (I think) and died when this writer was quite young. He married a most excellent lady, I have heard, a Miss Olivia Gertrude Giftson, and they tell me when I made my debut on the scene of time, there was a consultation among the elders whether my name should be Olivia Gertrude, or Olivia Giftson, but resulted in neither.

As a child of nine summers to nineteen, I used to sit at my grandmother's knees and write letters for her to these sons when her eyes had grown too dim, and received as compensation stories of their childhood days, which was the "Robinson Crusoe" of my youth, and the "House that Jack built" on top of it. I was delighted to hear them and she delighted to tell them. The benefit was mutual. There was only one disagreeable thing about it—she always cried so. Especially when she pointed to a piece of old red wood in the house upon which was cut with a jack-knife, the letters, "A. J. Stedman." "That precious name," she would say, "was cut there the day before he left home."

There was only one bright anecdote in the three little lives she told me about, and this she had to tell every time a letter was written. Because it always made her laugh, and this was the best part of it. "In them days" she said "Children carried molasses to school to 'sop' at recess and a saucer had to be put in the bucket to sop it in. My Winship, like his dear father, full of life, knocked a boy's elbow while he was sopping his molasses, and his saucer falling upon the floor, broke. When the teacher returned and took in school, the boy said: "School master! School master! William Winship Stedman made me brake my saucer." "William Winship Stedman, what have you been doing to this boy Josephus?" "Made him brake his saucer, sir," he says, and the children laughed so that the teacher had to turn them out.

But this story was not finished until William Winship Stedman carried Josephus another saucer to sop molasses in. For saucers were saucers in these days with the little back-woods Josephus of that country.

There is another incident of this long time-ago in which there is centred as much pathos as there is humor in the above. My grandfather's body-servant was named Sampson, a young mulatto man of considerable value, to whom all the family were greatly attached. Mr. Stedman, a short time before his death, seeing a financial crisis ahead, decided to part with faithful Sampson as the most dispensable luxury. The "negro-speculator" of that day was the negro terror. Perhaps I can best tell the story as my grandmother told it to me.

"Sampson's master," she said, "did not want him to know that he was going to sell him; he knew how sorrowful Sampson would be to hear it, and being a tender hearted man, he was very sorrowful himself; yet he did not know what else to do under the circumstances. So Sampson was told that he was going to Norfolk to help a neighbor to drive cattle to the slaughter pen; and the poor thing drove the cattle to market and fell unsuspecting into the "speculator's" claws.

My little Andrew Jackson was sick at the time, lying in the cradle near the open door, and I was sitting by him crying. Poor Sampson thought I was crying about the child, but I was not. I was crying about him. It was near sun-down and he was soon to start, taking no clothing with him for a blind, and I knew he would not come back any more, and his wife watching by a little cradle in his own home. He

came to the door just before he started and taking Andrew Jackson by the hand said: "Mistis, I wouldn't cry. Little Marster haint got much fever. He'll be well presently. Don't cry, Mistis; don't cry."

Here my grandmother always broke down. Half century never erased that memory, and somewhere, somehow, in the realms of the great uncertain, yet certain, I think exists still. Charlotte, Simpson's wife, lived in sight of the smoke of the Stedman homestead, and her child, Ellen, grew up side by side with Sally Carson, both eating out of the same plate and sharing the same fare—when together. When they settled in their own homes in the married estate, they settled in the same neighborhood, and in the same neighborhood they are living to day the best of friends, mothers of grown-up children and grandchildren. Ellen is "Aunt Ellen" to us children. She sometimes comes to see me, and I am always glad to see her. I seem to live over again the halcyon days spent at my dear grandmother's knees listening to her full joys of motherhood (when her children were small) and her bitter woes of widowhood. The sweet simplicity of the former, to my little mind, compensated for the impositions and injustices practiced upon the latter. Perhaps I understood them better. As a tribute to the memory of my grandfather, I will add that my grandmother claimed he was "never himself again" after the sale of Simpson. A tender parent and a most affectionate husband, it is possible that the broken ties of this faithful bondman decoyed from home without the "sweet old word good-bye," had a tendency to tamper with his nervous system. He called Sampson in delirium a short while before he died, and Sampson was a household shadow as long as the household remained, and in my strange imagination in that family circle of five graves sequestered in an half-forgotten spot, where a noted dogwood tree casts its white flowers in spring, and its red leaves in autumn, Sampson is the discourse.

This narrative, in its historical relations, would be incomplete did I not mention that a company under the leadership of Wm. W. Stedman was mustered and marched to the South-ampson insurrection in 1831. He was one of the braves who helped to hang Nat. Turner "up the green apple tree," and I expect put the first shot in the miserable image.

Bubbling upon the ears of solitude, a mysterious fountain, known abroad as "The White Oak Spring" where I played when a child, and washed my dirty hands and bare feet, and looked at my little sun burnt face as in a mirror, Mr. Stedman's game stock fought in political campaigns, and decided by blood and feathers the majority of the Democrats over the Whigs. Democratic to the backbone! and all his descendants that I know of. This old and familiar haunt, the White Oak Spring, has seen its best days, and with the exception of an occasional wanderer, is visited only by cattle seeking to slack their thirst and catch a nod.

By some strange providence at the death of my grandfather, the boys were taken into the house of his father, who survived him, in Cumberland Co., N. C., stopping in the streets of Raleigh to feed and rest their team. Here they received first class educations and were "made men of," while the widowed mother and helpless girls were left at what had been home, to fight the battle of life alone. But as "the mill of the gods grind slow," they also grind sure.

Thus Sally Carson's childhood was uneventful, except in its hardships peculiar to certain children upon whom the drudgery of the family falls. She spaded up the garden, gathered the apples and mastered all the unmastered tasks fitted to her shoulders, winning the title of "man and boy." The most remarkable event being the early impression she made upon my father and the number of years he waited for her to out-grow short dresses. She enjoyed the reputation of being the prettiest girl in the neighborhood and the "Judge's sweetheart," and has enjoyed a home of her own, and a modest surplus, ever since the old Christmas Eve she became his bride, and sit by a huge log fire in an old house I love to think about, in whose deserted walls I heard the first echo of my voice, yelling for the cows "to come home."

At 62 Sally Carson is active and happy and the last of her family except one—J. C. Stedman, Fayetteville, N. C. Like other women, she enjoys a compliment, which is sometimes at the expense of the writer. I think she also possesses the Stedman-poetic vein, though the never made any display of it except in the site of her well, which is under a tree that she and her first child's nurse planted 43 years ago. In this gigantic shade, that her absent children sometimes dream about, swings to and fro "the old oaken bucket," the iron-bound bucket, and the moss-grown bucket. She points it out to strangers and tells the story I have told. She has told it for a quarter of a century, but it has never grown old. She never tells it to the same one twice. She has an accurate memory. She has been the mother of eight children, five of whom are living, and nine grandchildren. She was left a widow May 31st, 1869, and with the old energy of the young Sally Carson, she strove heroically for her six fatherless boys and girls, three of each. Modesty will not allow me to tell the recompense of her long years of self-denial and sacrifices. My grandmother used to wish in her days of want that there were more Sally Carsons. I often see the need of them. Last but by no means least,

she is a consecrated Christian, seeing the hand of God in everything, and everywhere, recommending Him above all things else, to her children.

MRS. W. H. GRAY.
Suffolk, Va., April 27, 1892.

TRIBUTE OF RESPECT.

We the members of Rock Spring Sub-Alliance, assembled, after hearing the sad and heartrending news of the death of Col. L. L. Polk, he being a native of our county, whom we didn't only esteem as a great leader in the reform movement but as a kind, Christian-hearted gentleman.

Resolved, That we bow in humble submission to the Divine Providence of the Supreme Being.

2. That we render our heart-felt sympathy to his widow and children who are left to mourn the loss of so great a friend, feeling that their loss is his eternal gain.

3. That we recommend to the brotherhood of the Farmers' Alliance and Co-operative Union to unite and raise a suitable monument to his memory.

4. That a copy of these resolutions be sent to THE PROGRESSIVE FARMER for publication.

A. LOWRY,
E. B. WATSON,
A. D. HORNER,
Committee.

TRIBUTE OF RESPECT.

Taken from the minutes of Woodland Alliance, held June 17th, 1892.

WHEREAS, The Farmers' Alliance was visited June 11th by the impartial angel of death who plucked from its ranks and our midst our beloved and highly esteemed brother, Col. L. L. Polk, President of the N. F. A. and I. U. of America; therefore be it

Resolved, That we bow submissively to the will of Him who is too wise to err, too good to be unkind and whose merited endureth forever.

2. That we renew our pledge to stand by and support the principles for which he contended until death.

3. That the Alliance has lost one of its members whose heart always beat in loving loyalty to the Alliance cause, and whose hands were ever ready to bear aloft in exulting triumph its glorious banner.

4. That the common people have lost an efficient, earnest and consecrated teacher, whose genial smiles and gentle words will be sorely missed.

5. That our deepest sympathy be extended to the bereaved family and relatives, and that a copy of these resolutions be spread upon our minute book and a copy be sent to THE PROGRESSIVE FARMER, Agricultural Bee, Goldsboro Headlight and Goldsboro Argus for publication.

IS RELIGION A FAILURE? IS THE ALLIANCE THE THISTLE?

BOGUE, N. C.

MR. EDITOR:—As the public press is the proper tripod to discuss all questions relating to the common good of a common people. It seems the Democratic press wishes to charge the Alliance organization as the only thistle—a stumbling block to America's future greatness. Where is the Prohibition party, are they not organized too? It was the thistle that served Scotland at Aberdeen when the Deans had overrun the rural districts, in the year 1010, to scan the walls in the stillness of the night; but when they struck the bottom of the soft moists in their bare feet, the thistles, their cries were so voluminous and loud that the Scotchmen were in arms at once and Scotland was saved, hence from that time the thistle has been the national emblem of Scotland. But this being a more progressive age the thistle that retards now is over greed. It was greed that has centralized all governments. In the face of Greece, Rome and Babylon, what the cause? Will America fall? Should such a catastrophe happen, let it have no history. As Mr. Webster says, let its fate be that of the lost books which no hit an eye shall ever read, or the missing Pleiades of no man can ever know more than that is lost and lost forever. Where does a man's religion lie now? Touch his pocket book and you cut his heart-string.

History repeats that there was not a single case of larceny nor bastardy in all China until England ran the blockade and introduced the opium trade. After that you could photograph their spots anywhere. It is the over-avaricious that has attempted to lead in all countries. This is the most serious decade for the world to rise or ruin. America has made the great civil progress of all governments, the grandest that ever adorned the skill of man. An exalted power, the fear of kings and the dread of nations.

To-day brings the sad news of the death of Col. Polk. He is no more, though every hill, dale and clime will be rendent of his name for all ages. There is a cause for this great unrest and the people are going to find the cause. We should take time and go slow, for it is the wisdom of sages, philosophers and philanthropists. We are becoming disgusted with orthodox religion. We favor Christian principles with the type of the Christian character. We stand unique in the world's history to-day. The hearts of this nation beat as they never beat before for a Christian government. To-day every nation enjoy its "double wings" extended for Christian principles that St. Paul has so beautifully described that God has been given to woman for her religious liberty, then let not the god of mammon clip her wings.

R. W. HUMPHREY.

POLITICAL PLATFORMS.

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1852.

DEMOCRATIC, BALTIMORE, JUNE 1ST.

Resolutions 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6 and 7 of the platform of 1848 were re-affirmed to which were added the following:

Resolved 8. That it is the duty of every branch of the government to enforce and practice the most rigid economy in conducting public affairs, and that no more revenue ought to be raised than is required to defray the necessary expenses of the government, and for the gradual but certain extinction of the public debt.

9. That Congress has no power to charter a national bank; that we believe such an institution one of deadly hostility to the best interests of the country, dangerous to our republican institutions and the liberties of the people, and calculated to place the business of the country within the control of a concentrated money power; and that above the laws and the will of the people; and that the results of Democratic legislation, in this and all other financial measures, upon which issues have been made between the two political parties of the country, have demonstrated to candid men of all parties, their soundness, safety, and utility, in all business pursuits.

10. That the separation of the moneys of the government from banking institutions, is indispensable for the safety of the government and the rights of the people.

11. That the liberal principles embodied by Jefferson in the Declaration of Independence, and sanctioned in the Constitution, which makes ours the land of liberty and the asylum for the oppressed of every nation, have ever been cardinal principles in the Democratic faith, and every attempt to abridge the privilege of becoming citizens and the owners of the soil among us, ought to be resisted with the same spirit that swept the alien and sedition laws from our statute book.

12. That Congress has no power under the Constitution to interfere with, or control the domestic institutions of the several States, and that such States are the sole and proper judges of every thing appertaining to their own affairs, not prohibited by the Constitution; that all efforts of the abolitionists or others, made to induce Congress to interfere with questions of slavery, or to take incipient steps in relation thereto, are calculated to lead to the most alarming and dangerous consequences; and that all such efforts have an inevitable tendency to diminish the happiness of the people, and endanger the stability and permanency of the Union, and ought not to be countenanced by any friend of our political institutions.

13. That the foregoing proposition covers, and is intended to embrace, the whole subject of slavery agitation in Congress; and therefore the Democratic party of the Union, standing on this national platform, will abide by, and adhere to, a faithful execution of the acts known as the Compromise measures settled by the last Congress, "the act for reclaiming fugitives from service or labor" included; which act, being designed to carry out an express provision of the Constitution, cannot, with fidelity thereto, be repealed, nor so changed as to destroy or impair its efficiency.

14. That the Democratic party will resist all attempts at renewing in Congress, or out of it, the agitation of the slavery question; under whatever shape or color the attempt may be made.

(Here resolutions 13 and 14 of the platform of 1848 were inserted.)

1852.

PLATFORM, BALTIMORE, JUNE 16TH.

The Whigs of the United States, in convention assembled, adhering to the great conservative principles by which they are controlled and governed, and now as ever relying on the intelligence of the American people, with an abiding confidence in their capacity for self-government and their devotion to the Constitution and the Union, do proclaim the following as the political sentiments and determination for the establishment and maintenance of which their national organization as a party was effected.

First. The Government of the United States is of a limited character, and to it is confided the exercise of powers expressly granted by the Constitution, and such as may be necessary and proper for carrying the granted powers into full execution, and that powers not granted or necessarily implied are reserved to the States respectively and to the people.

Second. The State governments should be held secure to their reserved rights, and the General Government sustained in its constitutional powers, and that the Union should be revered and watched over as the palladium of our liberties.

Third. That while struggling freedom everywhere enlists the warmest sympathy of the Whig party, we still adhere to the doctrines of the father of this country, as announced in his farewell address, of keeping ourselves free from all entangling alliances with foreign countries, and of never quitting our own to stand upon foreign ground; that our mission as a republic is not to propagate our opinions, or impose on other countries our form of government, by artifice or force, but to teach by example, and show by our success, moderation and justice, the blessings of self government, and the advantages of free institutions.

R. W. HUMPHREY.

FREE SOIL, PITTSBURG, AUGUST 11TH.

Having assembled in national convention as the Democracy of the United States, united by a common resolve to maintain right against wrong, and freedom against slavery; confiding in the intelligence, patriotism, and discriminating justice of the American people; putting our trust in God for the triumph of our cause, and invoking His guidance in our endeavors to advance it, we now submit to the candid judgment of all men, the following declaration of principles and measures:

1. That governments, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed, are instituted among men to secure to all, those inalienable rights of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, with which they are endowed by their Creator, and of which none can be deprived by valid legislation, except for crime.

2. That the true mission of the American Democracy is to maintain the liberties of the people, the sovereignty of the States and the perpetuity of the Union, by the impartial application to public affairs, without sectional discriminations of the fundamental principles of human rights, strict justice, and an economical administration.

3. That the Federal Government is one of limited powers, derived solely from the Constitution, and the grants of power therein ought to be strictly construed by all the departments and agents of the government, and it is inexpedient and dangerous to exercise doubtful constitutional powers.

4. That the Constitution of the United States, ordained to form a more perfect Union, to establish justice, and secure the blessings of liberty, expressly denies to the General Government all power to deprive any person of life, liberty or property, without due process of law; and, therefore, the government, having no more power to make a slave than to make a king, and no more power to establish slavery than to establish a monarchy, should at once proceed to relieve itself from all responsibility of slavery wherever it possesses constitutional power to legislate for its extinction.

5. That to the persevering and important demands of the slave power for more slave States, new slave territories, and the nationalization of slavery, our distinct and final answer is—no more slave States, no more slave territory, no nationalized slavery, and no national legislation for the extradition of slaves.

6. That slavery is a sin against God, and a crime against man, which no human enactment or usage can make right; and that Christianity, humanity and patriotism alike demand its abolition.

7. That the Fugitive Slave act of 1850 is repugnant to the Constitution, to the principles of common law, to the spirit of Christianity, and to the sentiments of the civilized world; we, therefore, deny its binding force on the American people, and demand its immediate and total repeal.

8. That the doctrine that any human law is a finality, and not subject to modification and repeal, is not in accordance with the creed of the founders of our government, and is dangerous to the liberties of the people.

9. That the acts of Congress, known as the Compromise measures of 1850, by making the admission of a sovereign State contingent upon the adoption of their measures demanded by the special interests of slavery; by their omission to guarantee freedom in the territories; by their attempt to impose unconstitutional limitations on the powers of Congress and the people to admit new States; by their provisions for the assumption of five millions of the State debt of Texas, and for the payment of five millions more, and the cession of large territory to the same State under menace, as an inducement to the relinquishment of a groundless claim; and by their invasion of the sovereignty of the States and the liberties of the people, through the enactment of the unjust, oppressive, and unconstitutional fugitive slave law, are proved to be inconsistent with all the principles and maxims of true Democracy, and wholly inadequate to the settlement of the questions of which they are claimed to be an adjustment.

10. That no permanent settlement of the slavery question can be looked for except in the practical recognition of the truth that slavery is sectional and freedom national; by the total separation of the General Government from slavery, and the exercise of its legitimate and constitutional influence on the side of freedom; and by leaving to the States the whole subject of slavery and the extradition of fugitives from service.

11. That all men have a natural right to a portion of the soil; and that as the use of the soil is indispensable to life, the right of all men to the soil is as sacred as their right to life itself.

12. That the public lands of the United States belong to the people, and should not be sold to individuals nor granted to corporations, but should be held as a sacred trust for the benefit of the people, and should be granted in limited quantities free of cost, to landless settlers.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

If Congress has the right under the constitution to issue paper money, it was given them to be used by themselves, not to be delegated individuals or corporations.—Andrew Jackson.

Now's the time. Time? Yes, time. Time for what? Time to send 40 cents and get THE PROGRESSIVE FARMER for the campaign.